





## MISCELLANEOUS.

## MR. WESLEY ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY REV. N. CULVER.

At this day, when a great interest is awakened on the subject of Christian perfection among Methodists and all other branches of the Christian Church; and as Mr. Wesley and his adherents, under God, have been "raised up" to spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands," it becomes eminently proper to inquire for the gospel standard that he lifted up, with reference to its experience, profession and practice. This inquiry becomes the more essential from the fact that there seem to be conflicting sentiments, on some points, with reference to both experience and practice, of vital importance. On our return from "a holiness camp-meeting," the writer felt constrained to take Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection" and carefully review it, to ascertain the true Wesleyan standpoint, with reference to certain conflicting views expressed on the subject; or, rather, to see whether our previously received and oft-repeated views—repeated often in the pulpit, in class and prayer-meetings, in pastoral visiting, and in social conversation—were not in accord with the teachings of the Bible, as presented by Mr. Wesley. Other writings have often been studied, but this "Plain Account" contains, in brief, the main points in question; and as some may not have the work at hand, it may not be out of place to present, as briefly as possible, his views with reference to them. We will put these points in questions and answers:—

1. Can a person be justified and sanctified at the same time? Answer: "Some," says Mr. Wesley, "who are newly justified, do (i.e., bear the fruits of the Spirit). If they really do, I will say they are sanctified—saved from all sin in that moment; and that they never need lose what God has given, or feel sin any more. But, certainly, this is an exempt case. It is otherwise with the generality of those who are justified."

That such an exceptional case is freely admitted, by every candid person must at once see that the Wesleyan standpoint is that some are thus sanctified. And why not? If the humble penitent sees his guilt in its true light, and feels his pollution, and comes to the Almighty Saviour with a true and living faith, for both pardon and purity, why may he not

"Plunge into the purple flood, And rise renewed in all the life of God?" Why may not Christ say to him, "According to thy faith be it unto thee." But few see themselves thus as sanctified, and therefore few are thus sanctified.

2. Is this work of sanctification instantaneous, or gradual, or both? What does Wesley say about it? Answer: "A man may be dying for some time, yet he does not, properly speaking, die till the instant the soul is separated from the body; and in that instant he lives the life of eternity. In like manner he may be dying to sin for some time, yet he is not dead to sin till sin is separated from his soul; and in that instant he lives the full life of love." (See page 22; also on page 37.) "Do they not gradually die to sin and grow in grace till at, or a little before death, God perfects them in love?" The answer is, "I believe this is the case with most, but not all. God usually gives a considerable time for men to receive light, to grow in grace, to do and suffer His will, before they are either justified or sanctified. But He does not invariably adhere to this. Sometimes He cuts short His work. He does the work of many years in a few weeks; perhaps in a week, a day, an hour. It need not be affirmed over and over, and proved by forty texts of Scripture, that most men are perfected in love at last; that there is a gradual work of God in the soul, or, generally speaking, it is a long time, even many years, before sin is destroyed. All this we know. But we know likewise that God may, with man's good leave, cut short the work in whatever degree He pleases, and do the usual work of many years in a moment. One may affirm it is gradual, and another that it is instantaneous, without any manner of contradiction."

What tenderness and carefulness in these statements, with reference to these different experiences! Whether gradual or instantaneous, yet he unhesitatingly recognizes all as the work of that self-same Spirit, who worketh in us, to will and to do of His own good pleasure; and all the pure in heart can agree to walk together in "the King's highway of holiness," in perfect harmony, notwithstanding these differences in their Christian experience.

3. Why do the most perfect examples of Christian purity constantly need to feel and confess their short-comings, and daily pray for forgiveness? The import of this question was asked Mr. Wesley at a meeting of the Wesleyan brethren, in Bristol, England, in 1758. His answer was as follows: (1) Every one may make mistakes, as long as he lives. (2) A mistake in opinion may occasion a mistake in practice. (3) Every such mistake is a transgression of the perfect law. Therefore (4) every such mistake, were it not for the blood of the Atonement, would expose to eternal damnation. (5) It follows that the most perfect have continual need of the merits of Christ, even for actual transgressions, and may say, for them, selves, as well as for their brethren, "Forgive us our trespasses."

A little further on he adds: "To explain a little further on this head: (1) Not only sin, properly so called, that is,

a voluntary transgression of a divine law, known or unknown, needs the atoning blood. (2) I believe there is no such perfection in this life as excludes these involuntary transgressions which I apprehend to be naturally consequent upon the ignorance and mistakes inseparable from mortality. (3) Therefore, 'sinless perfection' is a term I never use, lest I seem to contradict myself. (4) I believe a person filled with the love of God still liable to these involuntary transgressions. (5) Such transgressions you may call sins, if you please. I do not, for reasons above mentioned. Let those that do not call them sins, never think themselves or any other persons are in such a state as that they can stand before infinite justice without a mediator. This must argue the deepest ignorance or the highest arrogance. Let those who call them so, beware how they confound defects with sins, properly so called. But I am much afraid if we should allow any sins to be consistent with Christian perfection, few would confine the idea of these defects concerning which only the assertion could be true." (See pages 14, 15, 16, 17.)

Much more Mr. Wesley says on this aspect of the subject, but what has been quoted must suffice. Any person, in the light of these quotations, must be exceedingly blinded by prejudice or self-righteousness, if he fails to see his own short-comings and the need of close self-examination and confession and prayer for forgiveness. We all need to cry out,

"Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display, Into thy darkest corners shine, and tear the veil away."

4. "Suppose one has attained to this, (that is, perfect love)," would you advise him to speak of it? This question was asked Mr. Wesley—as found on page 17—and mark his answer: "At first, perhaps, he would scarce be able to refrain from it. The fire would be so hot within him, his desire to declare the loving-kindness of the Lord carrying him away like a torrent. But afterwards he might; and then it would not be advisable to speak of it to them that know not God. It is most likely it would lead them to blasphemy; nor to others, without some particular reason, without some good in view, and then he should have special care to avoid all appearance of boasting, to speak with deepest humility and reverence, giving all the glory to God."

What important advice! Not, as a rule, to "speak of it before the ungodly," nor before Christians "without some particular reason," some "good in view," and "always with deep humility." Would to God that this godly counsel were more generally heeded in practical life!

5. "In what manner should we preach sanctification?" This question was asked at the first Wesleyan Conference in 1744, when six clergymen of the English Church, and all the preachers of Mr. Wesley were present. It was answered thus: "Always by promise; always by drawing, rather than driving." This advice was re-affirmed again and again. (See page 10.) Also, on page 45, Wesley says, "Beware of censoriousness, thinking or calling them who oppose you, whether in judgment or practice, blind, dead, fallen, or enemies of the work." Again, further on, he says: "Beware of crying nothing but believe, believe, and condemning those as ignorant or legal who speak in a more spiritual way. At certain times it may be right to speak of nothing but repentance, or merely of faith, or altogether of holiness; but, in general, our call is to declare 'the whole counsel of God' and to 'prophesy according to the proportion of faith.' The written Word treats of the whole and every particular branch of righteousness, as to be sober, courteous, diligent, patient, to honor all men. So, likewise, the Holy Spirit works the same in our hearts, not merely creating desires after holiness in general, but strongly inclining us to every individual part of 'whatever is lovely.'"

Thus it appears that Mr. Wesley would have all our ministers "not shun to declare the whole counsel of God;" and while giving due prominence to the doctrine of Christian purity, as an all-essential experience and practice, he would have Christ's ministers careful to preach all the essential doctrines of the Gospel. And when they preach on Christian purity, which, doubtless, should be frequently, he would have them be careful not "to drive, but draw," by presenting "the great and precious promises of God," and to "be aware of censoriousness" or the use of all "hard names;" but instead thereof, to hold up to the people the standard of holiness in all its beauty and loveliness.

Where is the minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in these New England States who is either ashamed or afraid to preach, distinctly and boldly, such a Gospel as this? We most charitably believe they are very few in number. If one can be found, he is a dishonor to himself and to the Church of God. It becomes all the ambassadors of Christ to "arise and put on their strength"—"the strength which God supplies, through His eternal Son"—and both preach and practice our holy religion and lead the Church of God on to higher and holier ground.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, any praise," let us "think on these things" and make, each for ourselves, an experimental and practical application of them for our personal advancement in "the King's highway of holiness."

## REV. JOHN LINDSAY.

BY REV. A. D. SARGEANT.

Rev. Mr. Lindsay, father of Dr. Lindsay, of Boston University, was born in Lynn, Ms., July, 1788, entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1809, at the age of twenty-one, and departed this life in Schenectady, N. Y., aged 61. For forty years he maintained an unblemished Christian ministerial character. He was an able minister of the New Testament, and filled many of the best appointments in the New England, New York and Troy Conferences, both as pastor of Churches and as Presiding Elder of districts.

Three things are noteworthy in his character as a whole. The first was his physical power. But few men ever lived that were possessed of so much bodily strength as John Lindsay; his constitution was like iron, and his nerves like steel; his voice was mild where he desired it, and like thunder-tones when his soul was deeply moved under the inspiration of sublime thoughts. At such times his congregation would sit in awe and great reverence as he poured out truth bearing on the world of probation, the world of destiny, and the world of joy or sorrow. He appeared never to weary in the work, because he loved it; and his bodily strength was equal to the call of the hour.

The second marked trait was his great moral power, especially in his public ministrations, whether in preaching or exhortation; that he had his moderate occasions is true, but he had also his great and overwhelming occasions both in prayer and address. At camp-meetings and great quarterly-meetings seasons the power he would exert on the congregations was wonderful; indeed, he would draw men to him as though he could lift them up to the Throne. Hence union with him was strength beyond the common lot of man.

The third power in this moral giant in our Israel consisted in his intellectual strength. This was manifested in his capability to cope with theological questions, either to discuss single topics or present in a clear manner a synopsis of gospel doctrine, laying before the hearer, to a great extent, the whole body of divinity; hence when a general view of Christianity was desired, and a statement of the doctrines of the Church he represented, Brother Lindsay would be called for. One of these occasions occurred at the dedication of the newly-erected church, in 1843, in the town of Duxbury; he took for his text, "In the name of God I lift up my banner." The presentation of our banner of Methodist doctrine and ordinances was displayed in a most masterly manner, concise and comprehensive, and with an untiring pathos, to the admiration of both preachers and people.

On another occasion, a preacher undertook to attack our doctrine of free agency in the morning, and in the afternoon Brother Lindsay was to preach, by previous appointment, when he took for his text and theme, "I would . . . ye would not." He was at home on his theme, and dealt heavy blows against fatalism until he left not a shred of the opposing force. The people were spell-bound, and had not a word to say against his masterly production. On these times his moral and intellectual powers were united, and he was a man strong to run a race.

I must not here withhold another trait in his character that gave grace to all his other qualities. He was a modest yet bold man in the presentation of truth. He never proclaimed his own greatness and ability to lead the people into the depths of truth. The following is an illustration of this trait in his character. Having finished his first year of service, he was evidently desirous of remaining another year, and said to the last quarterly conference, "I do not expect any people will want me for a second year, yet I think you may bear with me under the promise of doing the best I can." That being said, all hands went up for his return; he was too good to part with unless the rule was for his removal. With modesty and firm boldness are blended in a man, that man is strong before God and men. Such was the man in question. May we have more of them to bless our Zion!

Rev. J. Lindsay was deeply interested in the cause of education and educational institutions; therefore he acted as agent of the Wesleyan University two years and labored hard for the endowment of that institution; also, in 1825, he did a great and important work for the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. Though not himself a graduate of any institution of learning, he saw and felt the importance and value of every educational agency, and labored accordingly. These two institutions named are greatly indebted to the men that sustained the Church in all her interests in days darker than now by far. Bless them, young men; but for them you could not have what you now enjoy. Mr. Lindsay also labored one year as agent of the American Bible Society, as an efficient worker in that good cause. Whatever he did was done heartily, as to the Lord and not to men; therefore success was the point aimed at always, and the end was achieved. Men of one work, i.e., to do good and glorify God, will never be unrewarded.

In all the life of Rev. John Lindsay he gave evidence of love for doing good. This is a high qualification, and such a man will bless the world because he loves to do it. Never did he

turn aside from his high and holy calling, but adhered steadily to the great object of saving men. The best men that ever blessed the world and elevated humanity, are the men that have had an intense love for doing good. This good and useful man closed his days with resignation to the will of God and with faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. What shall be said to the young men of this day? Go ye and do likewise. In his last hours he said, "There is something above pain." Again, near the close of life, he said, "The Lord will help me." Thus declared this godly servant of the Church. Lynn Common Church has sent out strong men to bless the world. May her younger sons be equal to the elder!

"Servant of Christ, well done, Rest from thy loved employ; The battle's fought, the victory's won, Enter your Master's joy."

## EARLY METHODISM IN EAST GREENWICH.

BY REV. JOHN E. RISLEY.

East Greenwich appears first in the Minutes in 1794, when Joseph Lovell was the preacher. In 1795 John Hill and Daniel Brunly were appointed to Greenwich circuit. There were then 54 members on the circuit. In 1799, Stephen Hull was the preacher, and 59 members were reported. In 1797, Warren and Greenwich were united, and N. Chapin and Elias Hall were the preachers. Members reported—Warren, 135; Greenwich, 42. In 1798, Greenwich was separated from Warren, Stephen Hall preacher; members, 47. In 1797, Warren and Greenwich were united again, and E. Canfield, Joshua Hall, and Truman Bishop were the preachers. Members—Warren, 123; Greenwich, 73. In 1800, Warren and Greenwich, Joseph Snelling, S. Langdon, preachers; members, 173. In 1801, Warren, Greenwich and Rhode Island, J. Finnegan, D. Fidler; 218 members. In 1802, Greenwich and Warren, R. Hubbard, C. Morris, A. H. Cobb; 227 in society. In 1803 to 1810 inclusive, East Greenwich does not appear in the Minutes.

In 1811 it re-appears, Elisha Streeter being the preacher. In 1812 it disappears again. In 1813, on East Greenwich circuit, Daniel Wentworth and Warren Banister are preachers. Number of members reported at the end of this year, 361. In 1814, Greenwich, Joel Steele.

In the years 1815 to 1820 inclusive, the name of East Greenwich does not appear in the Minutes. In December, 1821, Presiding Elder E. Otis sent me to Warwick circuit to help Father Dane. He was alone and in poor health. The circuit included the towns of Warwick, East Greenwich, North Kingston, South Kingston, Coventry and Cranston in Rhode Island, and Sterling and Plainfield in Connecticut. There was but one Methodist in East Greenwich in 1821—a colored sister by the name of Sarah Gardner. Brother Dane preached in G. once in two weeks, on Monday evenings, in the Congregational meeting-house, and now as he had help, he made it a Sabbath appointment, we occupying the Court House, the use of which was generously tendered to us rent free for our meetings. I began work December 30. On Saturday and Sunday there was a quarterly meeting in North Kingston. In the love-feast I followed the revival method taught me by my spiritual father, John Newland Maffitt, and requested those who would promise to pray once a day for one week for a revival on the circuit, to rise. All stood up, and in answer to the united prayers of the Church, we saw the beginning of a work of God before the close of the week, in a prayer-meeting in Coventry, which spread all over the circuit.

The largest work was in East Greenwich, where forty or fifty were converted; among them were four apprentice boys in a shoemaker's shop, and La Roy Sunderland was one of the four. In 1822, Lewis Bates, John E. Risley, and F. Dane (sup.) were appointed to Warwick circuit. In 1823, E. Frink, E. Dunham, C. D. Rogers; 1824, E. Frink, E. K. Avery; 1825, B. Hazeltin, W. Wilbour; 1826, B. Hazeltin, O. Robbins; 1827, F. Dane, A. Otis; 1828, F. Dane, J. W. Case, M. Fifield (sup.). During these years East Greenwich was part of Warwick circuit. It was made a station about 1830, and James Porter was appointed to the charge. Under his administration there was a more extensive work of revival than in 1822.

## THE HYMNAL.

I wish just to call attention to the absurdity of the assumption that the hymns of the present century are of a more lively and joyous character than those of the last, which "hit a state of emotion no longer common." "The older song," says the *Methodist*, "was marked by solemnity; the newer by cheerfulness and joyfulness." The older saint was glad, but he was glad in a solemn fashion which is not our modern fashion. The Christian of the last century was heavy-hearted even in his gladness. There was an awe in him that held him down [owing to his political condition]; he was terribly appalled when he thought of Jehovah." And hence his solemn chorals, which the more joyous nineteenth century discards for the solos of "Sankey and his compeers." How absurd all that! There was joy in the world before Sankey began to sing in it. Look at the new Hymnal. It contains the names of three hundred authors of hymns, and fully two hundred of these wrote down to, or into, and during, the present century. What is there heavy-

footed or sombre in the songs of Doddridge, who died in 1751? Turn to hymn 447 of the New Hymnal:—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice  
And tell its raptures all abroad."

Is this a "lyric" or a theological homily in rhyme? Watts died before the middle of the century. Was his piety moody? Look at his hymns. Open at random:—

418. "Lord, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin."

41. "Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known."

708. "O, 'tis delight without alloy,  
Jesus, to hear Thy name!"

704. "My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights."

740. "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

751. "My God, my life, my love!"

Are these "lyrics," or "sermons in rhyme?"

As to Charles Wesley, we should have to quote him by the score. Even Cowper, overshadowed by insanity and disease, threw sunlight into his "verse homilies." See hymn 296, verse 6:—

"My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
To brighter worlds above."

Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," has to act as a life-preserver to all "revival melodies" and "gospel hymns," and the laconic Toplady's "Rock of Ages," is always to be found in these fleeting publications, cheek by jowl with "Hold the Fort," and such nonsense as "Pull for the Shore," such puerile conceits as "Ring the Bells of Heaven," such sentimental self-depreciation as

"O to be nothing, nothing!"

and such mushy melodies as the "Ninety and Nine"—a simple travesty of an air familiar thirty years ago, and not quite forgotten yet.—

"That sweet old word, 'Good-bye.'"

F. E.

## EAST MACHIAS CAMP-MEETING.

The approaches to East Machias presented a lively appearance on Monday, Sept. 2. Teams of all descriptions, from the truck-cart, in which an old lady might have been seen riding, seated in a large arm-chair, and surrounded with a motley assortment of baggage, to the beautiful barge drawn by four dashing horses and filled with happy faces, were seen wending their way to the camp-meeting.

Arriving on the grounds, a number of the tents were all ready for their occupants and others were in process of erection, while numberless teams kept bringing additions of people to the crowd already gathered. Towards evening a large company had assembled, all the tents were covered, the noise and bustle had subsided, and the people were ready to commence their labors of love and to enjoy the communion of saints. Old acquaintances were renewed, hands were heartily grasped, and the tears fell at the remembrance of some, who, accustomed in previous years to mingle in the voice of prayer and praise, are now holding communion with the saints in light.

At 7 P. M. the meeting was opened with prayer and song from several of the tents. Tuesday forenoon the preaching services commenced. The following brethren preached: Revs. A. J. Lockhart, S. M. Dutton, J. Alexander, B. Biram, E. Davies, P. J. Robinson, G. N. Eldridge, L. D. Wardwell, F. D. Handy, W. Baldwin, W. H. Crawford, and G. G. Winslow—all, with the exception of E. Davies, being preachers belonging to the district. Most of them are young men who are in training in the Down East College, and are preparing for fields of greater usefulness in the future. Rev. C. A. Plumer, Presiding Elder, presided with his accustomed ability, and was found in his place at every service held at the stand, usually crowning each sermon with a powerful and telling exhortation. Professing Christians were invited to the altar every afternoon to pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and sinners were asked to come forward and seek the salvation of their souls. On Friday afternoon about twenty came forward, and all but one were blessed. The children's meetings, conducted by Mrs. Rev. Biram, were of a very interesting character.

The tent-meetings were full of interest and power; in them believers were sanctified and sinners saved. Throughout the week, in all the services, a quiet and hallowed earnestness pervaded the camp. Nothing of an unpleasant character happened during the whole meeting. One very grateful episode occurred—the wiping out of the entire indebtedness of the association. It was announced on Wednesday that there was a debt of \$170. To meet this, collections were taken on both Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. On Friday, it was stated that only \$50 were needed to clear the debt and pay current expenses. Instead of a collection, it was proposed that one-dollar subscriptions should be taken there and then. In the course of a few minutes the whole was subscribed, and the "Doxology" was heartily sung. The ground, containing about fourteen acres of beautiful woodland, has been purchased and fitted for its present use during the presiding eldership of Rev. C. A. Plumer. Now the Churches of Eastern Maine own a camp-ground—a delightful grove, which must improve with each year's growth. May it every year witness a vast improvement in the numbers of those who shall be heirs of salvation!

JAMES BRAM, Secretary.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MINISTERS AND SILVER MINES.

It has often seemed to me that if any class of sane men ought to be under keener regard to the investment of their hard-earned savings, that class is the ministers of the Gospel. They are more exposed than any others to be duped by the various bubbles of speculation which designing men are constantly blowing up and setting adrift before the admiring eyes of children of a larger growth. Preachers, because they have little experience in business matters, are especially gullible in the matter of speculative stocks in the interest of some good cause, as church-building or college endowing on the frontier.

Only think, here is a chance to do good and get large dividends in a few months! See how grand an opportunity—\$10 a share for 100 shares and a discount of twenty per cent. to clergymen (seeing it's true). There is in this scheme just so risk at all since Rev. Stoddard Pigeon, D. D., has taken (not bought) stock in it; and editor Bird-catcher (how appropriate some editors' names are!) has spoken a good word for it. So the innocent young birds who have taken wing from the maternal nest since the last spring of the silver-mine net over the purses of Methodist preachers, all fly chirpingly down into the bed of the net, laughing at the stupidity of those old birds who, mindful of the time when their necks were in the meshes of a former net, sit still on the trees and give a warning cry.

Hear John Bunyan, the glorious old thinker, who saw in his dream every form and guise of temptation with which Christian men will be assailed down to the sounding of the judgment trumpet: "Now at the farther side of that plain was a little hill called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them who had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brim of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain. Some, also, had been misled there, and could not, to their dying day, be their own men again. Then I saw in my dream, that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas (gentleman-like), to call passengers to come and see, who said to Christian and his fellow, 'Ho! turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing. Here is a silver mine and some digging in it for treasure; if you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for your selves.' Then said Hopeful, 'Let us go and see.'"

To all Methodist preachers we commend Christian's prompt answer to Demas, when he appears on your threshold in person or by postal card: "Not I," said Christian; "I have heard of this place before now, and how many have been slain; and besides, that treasure is a snare to those who seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage."

DANIEL STREILE.

DR. STEELE'S BUGLE-NOTE.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to express my thanks to Dr. Steele for his letter in the *HERALD* of Sept. 12, every sentence of which I most fully endorse. I thank God that Brother Twombly asked for it. I wish it would move others as it has moved me. Its assertions are not only true, in regard to love of "applause," "worldliness," and "selfish ambition," but also as regards the "lost pulpit power." Ministers insist on penitence in the pews, but to secure it there, let it commence in the pulpit. They insist on holiness in the membership, but how many in the pulpit can say, "I have come to you with the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." Instead of the meagre additions which we have year by year, we should double our numbers every few months. Oh, for frequent tarriings in Jerusalem, and pentecostal displays of power!

L. D. BENTLEY.

## Our Book Table.

LECTURES ON SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY, by Rev. Charles G. Finney. Edited by President J. H. Fairchild. Oberlin, Ohio: E. J. Goodrich. For sale in Boston by the Congregational Publishing Society, 802, 622 pp., price \$5.00, with engraved portrait of the author. This stout, well-printed volume might have been appropriately called Finney's System of Theology, or rather of Finney's Lectures on the doctrinal portion of his theology, as it is neither a Calvinistic nor an Arminian system, but Mr. Finney's own—thought out by him from beginning to end. Portions of it are strongly Calvinistic of the old school, and larger portions of the new, and in many of its positions, it is decidedly Arminian and even Wesleyan. Mr. Finney's early Calvinistic training, although much of it repelled, when he came to think for himself, had a powerful influence in shaping his "system," as did also the system of philosophy that he accepted—that the ground of obligation, for God and His universe, is the highest well-being of all. But Mr. Finney had to have a system that would work. He was, until the last, although a theological teacher, a preacher of the Gospel. He believed in seeking and saving lost men. He tried his system by practical tests. It is this, doubtless, that gives such an independent and personal character to it. For a "system" of theology, it is wonderfully full of life; it is not a mass of dry bones; and, however one may differ with his "points," so one can fall to be moved by his profound conviction and deep sincerity. His extended discussion upon sanctification seems more like a practical treatise, or a series of discourses on the higher life; and although his doctrine has more of the legal flavor about it than Wesleyanism, one cannot read it without finding his soul stirred within him. The work will be reviewed by our theologians, at length; we simply, in this notice, call attention to its publication.

THEOLOGICAL LECTURES, ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH NATURAL THEOLOGY, EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY, THE CANON AND INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE, by the late William Cunningham, D. D., Professor of Church History, New College, Edinburgh. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 5vo, 625 pp. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee. The publication of these lectures by the late Principal Cunningham was earnestly requested by a large number of ministers who had been, heretofore, students under the accomplished Biblical teacher, then the instructor of the divinity classes. The lectures were recited by them as especially adapted to the hour, and devoted to such topics as are now in earnest discussion among Christian scholars and doubters—natural religion and Christian evidences; and, above all, the authority and inspiration of the Christian Scriptures. All students in Christian apologetics and in Biblical criticism and interpretation, will justify the appreciation of these partial pupils of the professor, and be thankful for this substantial addition to the literature of this great theme. The style is admirably popular to render the volume a valuable and practical acquisition to a Christian layman's library,

and one that he will read and study with pleasure and profit.

LECTURES ON MEDIEVAL CHURCH HISTORY, by Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, 444 pp., price \$3.00. For sale in Boston by H. A. Young & Co.

These lectures were first prepared to be delivered before classes of girls at Queen's College, London, which gives them a popular style, without diminishing their dignity and impressiveness, as permanent records of one of the most interesting periods, in many respects, since the Christian era. The Archbishop commences the era of the Middle Ages with the Pontificate of Gregory in 590, at the definite commencement of Latin Christianity as distinguished from the Greek, and it closes with the fifteenth century—the invention of printing (1440); the fall of Constantinople (1453); the discovery of the New World (1492); and the Reformation in 1517. Between these events are the Conversion of England and Germany, Monasticism, the Crusades, the Consummation of Papeacy, the Early Schoolmen, the Mendicant Orders, the Waldenses, Wiclif and the Lollards, Huss and Bohemia, German Mystics, Revival of Learning, Christian Art and Life, and the Eve of the Reformation. Archbishop Trench is too well known as a clear and eloquent writer to require any reference to the style and the ability with which the work is executed.

We have referred often to the last story of Edward Eggleston—ROXY—which has been passing through the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*. In many respects it seems to us his best. It is less open to criticism on account of the coarseness of some of the actors, although these, doubtless, in previous volumes, have been the only true pictures of their rough Western subjects. While a pure Western story, like its predecessor, it has fallen upon entirely new phases of this strange social development. The story is well told. It runs down deeper lines, and awakens profounder emotions than its predecessors; it has a comforting and Christianizing, and altogether adds another feather to the plume of its successful writer. The volume is handsomely published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is sold for \$1.50. H. A. Young & Co., Boston, have it for sale.

In the International Scientific Series, D. Appleton & Co. publish A HISTORY OF THE GROWTH OF THE STEAM-ENGINE, by Robert H. Thurston, A. M. 12mo, 400 pp. This volume embodies a series of lectures delivered before the Stevens' Institute of Technology. It covers, in a condensed but clear and attractive form, the whole history of the first speculations, the first experiments, the first successes, in the application of steam to machinery, and the rapid stages down through a great variety of forms to the magnificent engine of the present day. The illustrations are of the highest quality. At a text-book for study, as a volume of entertaining reading, and as a book of reference for mechanical students, we heartily commend this handsome and valuable manual.

From the same house we have, LESSONS IN COOKERY; Hand-book of the National Training School for Cookery; to which is added, THE PRINCIPLES OF DIET IN HEALTH AND DISEASE, by Dr. J. H. Kellogg. Edited by Eliza A. Youmans. This volume is both a text-book for cooking classes, and a reference book for family use. The directions are given with great explicitness, and an average housekeeper would have little difficulty in following all its prescriptions, and realizing all its possibilities in substantial and ornamental forms of preparing food.

Robert Carter & Brother have at length published the final volume (VIII) of THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE HISTORY OF CALVIN, by the late J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D. D. This volume is translated by William L. R. Bates, and embraces Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Netherlands, Geneva, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. This volume is also the latest work of its great, beloved and greatly-lamented author. It had been all written, and all revised but the later chapters, by the author, before death summoned him to his rest and reward. This volume rounds up his noble monument. These admirable histories of the great Reformation will be a permanent and shining record to the disciples of the Reformation, and a source of instruction and piety of their author. Protestantism will never cease to prize them. The present volume contains a fac-simile of the famous Indulgence issued by Pope Leo X, and sold by Tetzel in Germany, which provoked the Reformation. At the end of this volume is an index to the whole eight, which will be a great convenience for reference.

Of the series of descriptions of International Exhibitions, issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., we have just received the account in one neat, thin octavo volume, of the Paris Exhibition in 1875, by Charles Gindroz, architect, and the Vienna and Philadelphia Expositions, by Prof. James M. Hart, 45 pp., 75 cents. These volumes will always be convenient for reference. From the same house we have, TOPICAL COURSE OF STUDY FOR COMMON SCHOOLS, by R. C. Stone, 12mo, 113 pp., price 50 cents. This little volume is a concise outline, in the form of questions, of a full English curriculum for common and high schools. It is a good manual to aid an intelligent teacher in planning lessons and examining his classes. Messrs. Barnes & Co. also issue THE PARALLEL AND MERIDIAN SYSTEM OF MAP DRAWING, by W. P. Marshall, 12mo, 40 pp., 75 cents. This volume is a good and cheap (20 cents) manual for the important work it illustrates.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENCER, by Francis J. Child. Five volumes in three. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Price \$5.25 for the set. The addition of the best collection of Spenser's poems is now made to the growing and tasteful library of British Poets, now passing through the Riverside Press. The text of this edition has been carefully revised, and is abundantly illustrated with original and selected notes. A sufficiently full and interesting sketch of the life of Spenser, prepared by the editor of the series, introduces the first volume. This is by far the most attractive edition of the works of this noble poet of poets, and will be purchased singly or in the uniform set.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co. Instrumental Music for the Organ, by F. H. Cowen; Hours of Longing, nocturne, by Johann Kalkbrenner; Fresh Light brilliant, by W. F. Sudds. Vocal—Come unto Him (air in the oratorio Immanuel), by Henry Leslie; The Two Stars, music, by Jacques Blumenthal, words by Hamilton Aldis.







## CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	Page
God Knows (pen).—Extremes Meeting.	182
— "Absolute Money," or the Inconceivable Greenback.—Letter from Canada. FROM OUR EXCHANGERS.	183
Miscellaneous.	
Mr. Wesley on Christian Perfection.—Rev. John Lindsay.—Early Methodism in East Greenwich.—The Hymnal.—East Manches Camp-meeting. CORRESPONDENCE. OUR BOOK TABLE.	184
The Sunday-school.	
The Church Party in Mexico. EDUCATIONAL. Boston Market.—Advertisements.	185
Editorial.	
Neglect of the Holy Spirit.—Progress of Liberty in France.—Editorial Items.	186
Notes from the Churches.	
Massachusetts.—Maine.—East Maine.—New Hampshire.—Vermont.—Religious Items.—Business Notices.—Church Register.—ZION'S HERALD for 1878.—Advertisements.	187
The Family.	
Respite from Punishment.—Letter from Caxton Willner.—My Summer ( poem ).—Why Speak Ye Not of Jesus?—The Ministerial Parol.—Robin's Poem (selected poem). FUN AND FACT.	188
The Household.	
Notes from Kansas. OBITUARIES. Advertisements.	189
The Week.	
Willnot (N. H.) Camp-meeting.—Marriages.—Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	190

# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1878.

We have never received more favorable or warmer letters of appreciation, since assuming the charge of these columns, than during the last year. It would be a foolish affectation not to acknowledge the honest gratification which this has occasioned. During all this period of business depression, which has been especially embarrassing to religious newspapers, we have enjoyed a generous patronage at the hands of our subscribers. Some of them, as in the instance given in another column, have only been able to meet the subscription price at great personal sacrifice. It has been suggested in various quarters that the time had come for a decided and general effort to increase the subscription list of the paper. Will our friends, who have a common interest with us in the prosperity of their denominational organ, give us one hearty, prolonged effort, just at this time? The publisher, as will be seen, makes generous propositions. One definite and hearty endeavor on the part of our ministers and members, would give us several thousand subscribers. There is no interest of the Church that would not be forwarded by such a course. Just in so far as good reading is placed in the hands of our people, especially the youths of our families, an inferior and crowded out. We shall work heartily with all laborers in the great field, and bring weekly reinforcements to their evangelic efforts in the Churches. Help us, and we will heartily help you. Do not delay. Let the new subscribers have the full benefit of the large effort made by the publisher. We know we shall not look in vain for personal co-operation on the part of our ministers to give a fresh impulse to Zion's Herald.

"Walk before Me, and be thou perfect." Walk—that is, live, breathe, think, reason, desire, love, converse, plan, and conduct thyself in all respects before Me. Do all these as in My presence. Remember, He seems to add, that I am always near by—I am seeing thee every moment, by night and by day; and I am seeing thee not as men see, but I see thee precisely as thou art, both externally and internally. I see thine exact character, all thy heart, all thy inmost life. Therefore walk before Me. Do and be, in all things whatsoever, as with a vivid consciousness of My immediate presence, and an assurance of My perfect knowledge of everything appertaining to thee. Walk not as most others walk, with no thought that I am near to see and hear and measure all. Nor must thou walk as many who profess to fear and love Me, yet who are but slightly devoted to My service. Walk not with such, but walk before Me, who am thy Saviour and thine exceeding great reward.

Walk thus, and be thou perfect. A great command, indeed; and who has ever obeyed it? Noah, for one, who was a just man and perfect in his generation, and walked with God. Job was another; for "that man was perfect and upright;" and so have been many others, though unknown to history and to fame—hidden ones walking in lowly paths, their names unheeded and unused on earth, yet known and loved of God—men and women loving God perfectly, and serving Him with a pure mind and a perfect heart, walking in the Spirit from moment to moment, and with undying grasp laying hold of the grace which comes to cleanse from all unrighteousness, and fills the being with all the fullness of God.

Something nearly like this is the meaning of "Be thou perfect." It is not, be thou an angel—perfect in intellect, in judgment, in knowledge, in the physical man—but be thou perfect in heart and in life, constantly and sincerely walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Son of Man—Jesus—Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile, a man after God's own heart. But is this possible? No, and yes. No, if we propose this perfection in our own strength, for such an attempt will fail immediately. Yes, if we only take hold on promised divine strength. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," said Paul. But Christ and Paul are no stronger for the accomplishment of this perfect work in the heart than Christ and the weakest disciple that lives, and it should never be forgotten that every command thus to be and to live, implies a sacred promise of this

divine help. Thus, as often as comes the great precept, "Be perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect;" "Be perfect, be of good comfort;" "Be perfect, be of good comfort;"—as often as these great and solemn precepts come to us, so often comes also the assurance that in order to the complete obedience thereof, His infinite power is ready to "strengthen us with all might by His Spirit in the inner man." "My grace is sufficient."

Man is shaped by his motives. To be actuated by base or unworthy aims is to make life itself base and worthless; to cherish an elevated and worthy purpose, to feel a desire to do our part in the work of life, to enter into sympathy with the supreme good and participate in efforts to elevate the universe, is to make the most of ourselves. Such a life takes on nobleness in the endeavor. In some respects, it matters less what you do than what you endeavor to do. The doing is not always in our power; the motive is part of ourselves. The subjective influence of the doing is less than of the endeavor to do. To aim at noble things is to be noble; to be actuated by mean motives is to descend from our elevation and to grovel in the mire of an ignoble life.

The "American Association for the Advancement of Science" needs the shoulders of Atlas to stand uncrushed by the alliterative ponderosity of its polysyllabic name. But it will need more than the strength of Atlas to overthrow man's faith in prayer. Its president, Prof. Newcomb, delivered, at its last session, a much-lauded theological-scientific address, in which he says that while the masses of people now, as in the days of Elijah, believe that prayer has influence over events in nature, advanced thinkers all know better. The prayer for rain in times of drought, as set down in prayer-books, is, according to Prof. Newcomb, a fossil of vanished superstition. Natural events, like drought and showers, are, he tells us, the inevitable and irreversible results of natural causes, such as evaporation, winds, etc., and these are the results of previous causes, equally inevitable and irreversible, and so on back to the beginning of nature. But, Herr Professor, who knows these causes knows the effects yet hidden in the future from other men, as witness the daily predictions of "Old Probabilities." And who knows these causes better than the "sons of God" know not what they shall pray for as they ought, and they dare not ask for rain, or food, or health, unqualifiedly, except at the suggestion of the Divine Spirit. In all other cases they simply pray, "Thy will be done." He who created natural causes, suggests the believer's prayer. Elijah felt this divine suggestion to ask for drought, for rain, and even for life from the dead. But he was a man who "dwelt in the secret place of the Most High." Only the prayer of faith is ever answered, and faith is impossible where there is not perfect submission to God's goodness and wisdom. He who is "led by the Spirit of God" sometimes feels free and confident to ask unreservedly for temporal things, and feels sure that they will be granted; but prayer without the Spirit that "helps our infirmities" is vanity, and usually superstition also. God knows not only what we have need of, but what He is about to give, before we ask.

## NEGLECT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The references of Dr. Steele, in his very impressive camp-meeting sermon, to the apparent forgetfulness on the part of the Church, ministers, members, writers, and workers of every description, of the office and work of the Holy Spirit, and in his short address at a late meeting of the Evangelical Union, in the Meisanoon, produced a very marked impression. The Doctor called attention to the fact, which he had developed with much effort, that in the leading evangelical quarters, while a very large number of papers were to be found with Jesus Christ as their subject and giving name to the contributors, there were but two or three, even where the period of a score and more of years was embraced, specifically upon the Holy Spirit; and that while, of the books reviewed, the blessed human name of the Saviour often appeared, but two or three volumes upon the person and work of the Holy Spirit had been presented to these religious reviews for examination. The irresistible inference was, in Dr. Steele's mind, that there had been an appalling neglect of adequate consideration of God, the Holy Ghost, and for this reason that great spiritual barrenness had fallen upon the land, and special moral impotence upon the pulpit.

We have not the slightest intention of weakening the effect of the impression made upon the mind of any person that listened to Dr. Steele. The efficient agent of all spiritual work is the Comforter promised and sent by the ascending Son of God to abide with the Church forever. There is infinitely too much reliance upon means and modes, upon relearning and eloquence, and too little upon the Spirit of God; but we stand in some doubt of the legitimacy of the premises and inferences of the Doctor, and fear lest the serious apprehension of his hearers may not, after all, be turned in the right direction.

We are confident that it could not have been from any theoretical or practical unbelief in the Holy Spirit; from any failure to estimate His vital relation to Christian life and the redemption of the world; from any voluntary sinking of His personality in the Godhead, as a special theme, in our higher religious periodicals, and as the subject of fresh additions to Christian literature. Ac-

cording to His own prophecy, since He was "lifted up," the eyes of the world have been turned upon the Son of Man. Religious controversy has always revolved around the Cross. Christ is the great stumbling-block to human reason, and His vicarious death an offense to human pride. So the literature of the world, in all ages, is full of this. As this is the lasting controversy, our quarters are naturally forced to give it continued attention, and as Christ is the theme of the most conspicuous religious treatises, these books naturally fill the literary table of the editors. In this way we can readily account for the repeated contributions upon, and references to, the Lord Jesus, and the limited number specifically upon the Holy Spirit.

To show the probability that this is the true solution of the matter, we turned to the one hundred and forty sermons of Mr. Wesley, which form the authoritative Wesleyan body of doctrine. Mr. Wesley, from the hour of his conscious persuasion of the Holy Spirit of his new birth into the family of God, was eminently a man full of the Holy Ghost, and his public ministry was attended with astonishing power. He also brought out distinctly in his ministry the nature and necessity of the witness of the Divine Spirit with our spirits, and contended for its Scriptural foundation. This naturally involved him in controversy, and would tend to give a special prominence to this doctrine in his public discourses. In these one hundred and forty sermons, however, he has simply one discourse upon the personality of the Holy Spirit, one upon grieving Him, one upon His "first-fruit" in relieving from condemnation, one upon His work of adoption, and a double sermon upon the witness of the Holy Spirit. Taking down the two volumes of sermons by Richard Watson, we were somewhat surprised to find, that among the whole one hundred and twenty-three there was not one distinctly upon the Holy Spirit; and yet no minister felt more sensibly the need of the Divine Comforter, or believed more firmly in His indispensable and gracious power in the accomplishment of all spiritual good.

It is not the outward and formal reverence for the Spirit that is so much needed—the constant and distinct reference to His special work. It is not because He has, in some wise, been crowded out of Christian literature, and is not as definitely alluded to in our public preaching as His prominence in the divine agency in human redemption merits, that the pulpit seems somewhat shorn of its power. Indeed, through the influence of modern discussions upon the higher life, and the earnest discourses of devoted evangelists, even more than ordinary prominence has been given to the character and office of the Holy Spirit as a doctrine. But here is the more radical and serious difficulty. The apostles and their disciples were sent forth not to preach the Holy Spirit, but to preach Christ, after they were endued with the Spirit. It is not so much an outward prominence that the Divine Paraclete seeks from us, as an open heart into which He may come and reveal Christ as a present Saviour, and remain there Himself as an abiding and all-powerful Guest. Peter did not preach the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, but he preached Christ who had been crucified by wicked hands, but had been raised to be the world's Saviour. But he was "full of the Holy Ghost" as he spoke, and three thousand persons were pricked to the heart.

If our ministers should begin at once to preach upon the Holy Ghost as a doctrine of the New Testament, it is quite doubtful whether any very marked results would follow. The discourses might be considered eminently reasonable and full of instruction; but simply preaching upon this fundamental doctrine would not necessarily add to the power or success of the pulpit. But first of all, the ministry should secure what was obtained in that memorable upper room in Jerusalem—a blessing which did not change their natural gifts, but did remove some of their natural appetites and weaknesses; a blessing that did not make them eloquent, or relieve them from temptations to fall into easily-besetting sins, but a blessing that did set them free from worldliness and the fear of man; that took away every doubt as to their personal relation to a still living, although unseen, Saviour; that gave them unshakable confidence in the power of the Gospel to save, and that followed their words with a divine impressiveness to the hearts of all that heard them. Such a blessing as this we need to-day, and shall need as long as Christ's work is carried on in the earth. It is not so much preaching as enjoying the power and baptism of the Spirit, that is wanted. Paul did not preach the Holy Spirit; but he preached Christ, in the power of the Spirit, and the holy Presence fell upon those that heard him. If we will yield ourselves to the Comforter, He will disclose Himself in us, and honor Himself in the work He will accomplish by us.

## PROGRESS OF LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

The bearing of the Republicans in France is becoming daily more gratifying, and they are so well succeeding, even in holding the most uncontrollable portion of the population in check during political demonstrations, that they are reaping universal praise.

At the famous national festival held on the 30th of June, in connection with the full opening of the Exposition, the government was wise enough to give the people full liberty of demonstration, and the police were ordered to interfere only in cases of actual disorder

or personal violence. The result was, that the French working population gave vent to their feelings in the most joyous manner, and for the first time in many years the Marseillaise was sung by thousands of voices in Paris without producing disorder, to say nothing of revolution.

This fact shows that the French people are becoming more worthy of a liberty that is maintained by something higher than repressive laws, and is thus of a character far more lasting than administrations or parties. Every Republican of the present hour has a legitimate right to be proud of this state of things, and to delight in the fact that justice is displacing violence. And this gratifying state of things is going a step beyond politics and entering the arena of the troublesome social questions. During the entire summer there have been extensive strikes all over France in industrial districts, and some of them very extensive; but there have been but few cases of violence to record. The strikers have, in nearly all instances, confined themselves for protection to the justice of their cause and the good sense of their employers.

A few weeks ago, an extensive strike took place among the cabmen of Paris, who dropped their lines and left their coaches right in the midst of the Exposition, when thousands are daily dependent on them for transport to the grounds. Now the number of these cabmen amounts to thousands, and they thus make a very formidable force. The great company that employs them refused to accede to their demands, and immediately proceeded to supply their places with any new men that knew how to drive a horse; and thus in a day or two the cabs were nearly all running, with all sorts of contraband drivers on the boxes, instead of the liveried drivers of the company. But during this period there was no violence committed; and in the meanwhile the cabmen had through a commission frequent interviews with the officers of the company, and the difference was settled in a few days. The cabmen totally failed in securing their demands, but there was no violence.

During all this time the journals of the capital took the part of the coachmen, but at the same time claimed for the men who chose to take their places the full right to do so, and accorded to the company the right to employ them in the protection of their own interests. And this noble attitude of the working-men everywhere is an honor, as it is, we may say, almost a miracle to France; and it certainly is an example to other nations. If men, for any reason whatever, choose to suspend their labor, they have the incontestable right to do so; their will is not a slave. But if they wish to constrain others who are not of their opinion to follow their example, they instantly violate the law and the principles of eternal justice, and become criminals in the eyes of the civil authorities. Such is now the language of nearly all French publicists, even of the most advanced political stripe.

Now this is progress in the path of true liberty, and the French are learning to apply it to political as well as to industrial affairs. At the present hour it is certain that an immense majority of Frenchmen desire the Republic, and consider that form of government the only one possible in France. No monarchy could now for a day sustain the combined attacks of the Republicans and the rival dynasties; therefore there is for the moment in France no combination of serious import to the Republic. And the radicals are again joining with the moderate Republicans in preparation for the coming elections, to fill vacancies, or supply the third of the senate whose terms will soon expire. The opponents of the Republic see the production of the steam which they would gladly suppress, but they are a little too wise, for the nonce, at least, to sit on the safety-valve and thus explode an engine that would deal to them certain destruction. That thing has been done often enough in France to teach men a lesson.

We therefore regard France as on the road of political and social progress, which ought to be very gratifying to all lovers of true liberty. And now, since she seems about to join political morality to her true genius and rapidity of conception, there is no longer much to be feared from her would-be royal or imperial saviors. France is now master of the future as long as she remains master of herself. True liberty is that which regards the rights of the majority and the minority; and a sensible minority will never revolt against a legal government that springs from the popular vote. To this condition France hopes soon to arrive, thanks to the wisdom of the people, to the moderation of all good citizens, to the prudence of political men, and especially to the true grandeur of the Republic itself.

A few of the reactionary party of France are violent, and most of them are blind; and blindness is the only malady from which we can expect no relief. But they are fast losing their support among any considerable portion of the nation. There is no one so hopelessly blind as to expect the restoration of the Bourbon House, except, perhaps, Henry the Fifth himself. And the hopes of the Orleans princes are by no means what they were shortly after the fall of the Emperor Napoleon III. The adherents of this ruler are now the most formidable opponents of the Republic; but of late their prospects have been greatly declining, and now look quite unpromising, especially since the popular instinct begins to recognize that the price imperial is by no means the equal of his father, and is likely to develop but

little force with growth. Thus the situation is in the hands of the Republicans, and their success depends wholly on their moderation and wisdom, which now promise much.

## Editorial Items.

The Republicans held their Convention the day succeeding that of the Democrats, in the same city of Worcester. The contrast from the howling, fighting, swearing multitude of the previous day was so marked as to make the quite enthusiastic but harmonious proceedings of this body seem rather tame. There were no discordant elements, no contending delegations, and remarkable unanimity as to candidates for State offices. Ex-Governor Claflin presided and delivered a dignified and well-considered address. Hon. Thomas Talbot, in many respects— from experience of his duties, from his business habits, his pronounced economic principles, his firm character, his decided sentiments upon the great temperance reform, and his well-known personal acceptance of the highest total abstinence doctrine—the most acceptable and available man in his party as the candidate, at this hour, for the highest office in the government of the State, was nominated by a large vote which was made unanimous, and Hon. John D. Long, Speaker of the State House of Representatives—a vigorous, eloquent, able, and popular member of the party, who was a favorite candidate with many for the first position—was nominated by a large vote as candidate for the Lieutenant Governorship. All the present State ticket, except Hon. Charles R. Train, the Attorney General, were renominated by acclamation. In Mr. Train's place Hon. George Marston, a highly-respected lawyer of New Bedford, was substituted. The platform of the party seems to have been carefully elaborated, and the plank is proper and strong, affirming honest doctrines in reference to the financial integrity of the country and the importance of an honestly-reformed civil service. Not a reference, however, is made to the great reform in which the party, in other years, has been marked by a style of platform speaking the conventions of our State have never suffered the shame of illustrating heretofore. The State committee, finding their work snatched from their hands, their hall fortified against them, and the condition of affairs forbidding a peaceful and honest expression of the sentiment of the party, adjourned the convention to Faneuil Hall in this city, on Wednesday of this week. Whether this course is a step justified by political traditions, and which convention and nomination will really be accepted as the legitimate Democratic action, may be a question; but this is quite evident, that the party discipline is broken up, and the party itself in the State is thrown into a very demoralized condition.

Last week the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Salem, under John Endicott, the first governor of Massachusetts, took place in the venerable city. It is rarely so cultivated and conspicuous an audience is gathered as was brought together on this occasion. The oration, an admirable historical address, was delivered by Hon. William C. Endicott, a descendant of the first governor. Speeches were made at the dinner table by Gov. Rice, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop (a descendant of a Puritan governor), Mayor Oliver of Salem, Marshall P. Wilder, Dr. Loring, and Joseph H. Choate, esq. The rare element of this occasion was the presence of Dean Stanley, of the venerable Westminster Abbey, London, who was now visiting our city and country, and his catholic and noble spirit secures for him a hearty welcome among our people. His short address on this occasion was in excellent taste, and was heartily appreciated. The local history of Salem, as well as its connection with the beginning and early government of the Massachusetts colony, gave an opportunity for the well-trained speakers of the occasion.

Dr. S. F. Upham, of the New England Conference, was the fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, now in session at Montreal. His address, delivered on the 12th of September, was very well received. It was eminently appropriate to the occasion, marked by excellent points, and rising at times to a height of moving eloquence. He opened very happily with an allusion to President Stiles' prophecy, an hundred years ago, of the fate of Methodism—"a little seed of Westlins"—of no account among the religious forces that were to shape the future of the Republic. With a grain of wheat the United States of over four and a half millions, the Doctor thought, surely, the "Westlins" had been heard from! He referred warmly to the common origin of the Churches in the Republic and Dominion, to the late growth and present condition of the Church he represented, and to the views of doctrine and the Christian mission which prevail among us; stood up quite stiffly for Methodist episcopacy; had a warm and very eloquent word for fraternity at the South, and a prophecy of unity among the Methodisms of the United States; referred to our educational and missionary movements, our great field among the colored men at the South, and closed with this fine figure—

"We are told that in the Middle Ages, ere yet a page was dubbed a knight, he entered a temple dedicated to the Most High, and approaching the altar placed thereon his sword and shield. The sword was consecrated to the use of humanity. That man, too, ever after, was deemed recreant to his vows if he knewed the cry of oppression to pass him from whomsoever it came. Brethren, the Middle Ages with their chivalry have gone into the eternal past. But a similar duty rests upon us. Let us enter the temple of the Most High, and approaching the holy altar, place thereon the weapons of our warfare, the impulses of our hearts, the energies of our souls, the thoughts of our minds, and though no white-robed priest spread his benediction on our hands, yet God the Holy Ghost will come Himself and consecrate them and us to the grandest work in which mortals were ever permitted to engage. 'Thou shalt love thy father as thou a thousand times as many more as ye are, and bless you as He hath promised you!'"

The leading article in the October number of the *Magazine of American History* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York) treats of the Texas Revolution and distinguished Mexican who took part in the revolution, with glimpses at its early events. The author, Capt. Ruben M. Potter, of the U. S. Army, was personally acquainted with Navarro, the most important of the four Mexicans of whom his paper treats. The others were Zavala, Ruiz and Padilla. Zavala was a member of the Spanish Cortes, and later minister of foreign relations in the Mexican government. Navarro was a body of the independence of Texas, with the ill-fated expedition sent by Texas, in 1841, against New Mexico, fell into the hands of Santa Anna, and remained a prisoner in the Castle of San Juan de Ulu until after the overthrow of Santa Anna, in 1845. The article is full of narrative and personal anecdote which cannot fail to interest all classes of readers. It has also a fine steel engraving of Gen. Sam Houston. The original document is a graphic description of Niagara Falls as they appeared to Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur in 1785. This document was furnished to Mr. O. H. Marshall when on a recent visit to Paris, by his grandson, Count Robert de Crèvecoeur, of Versailles. The article is followed by seven letters of the Revolution never before published. It also contains an elaborate reprint of an advertisement of Washington of his real estate held under patent of the Ohio and Great Kanawha rivers.

The notes and queries and literary notices close this very interesting number of this periodical.

It is a remarkable fact that, just at this hour, when there is a most bitter and general attack on the part of destructive critics, scientists and laymen, upon the Bible, and a violent and protracted endeavor to destroy its hold upon both the educated and popular mind, there were not only never before so many Bibles circulated throughout the world, but there were never so many sold in Christendom, and under the very eyes of the sneering critics themselves. So it was everywhere. The Bible sale is becoming a business by itself. Elegant and convenient editions are constantly published. The Bagners for some time had the whole field, with their excellent pocket Bibles. Then the Tract Society imported a Scotch edition, with improvements, which, with their own text index, and concordance, has won a high estimation among Sunday-school men.

Now T. Nelson & Sons place upon the American market the Oxford Bible. It is a beautiful and very convenient edition, published upon fine paper, with fresh maps, with full tables, concordance, Index, Biblical gazetteer, strongly bound, in a Russia, limp, pocket cover. It sells for \$7.50, retail price, and can be obtained at J. P. Magee's.

Quite a novel event in Massachusetts politics was the prompt and violent manner in which the portion of the Democratic party, "captured" by Gen. Butler, in force sunrise on the day of the assembling of the Convention, seized, and permanently occupied the hall engaged by the State committee for the purpose of the delegates. Refusing the request of the Mayor of the city to surrender their occupancy, at the appointed hour, they chose their officers, and proceeded to their predestined work—nominating Gen. Butler as their candidate for Governor, and a full ticket of State officers with him. The whole proceeding was attended with great confusion and threats of bloodshed, and marked by a style of platform speaking the conventions of our State have never suffered the shame of illustrating heretofore. The State committee, finding their work snatched from their hands, their hall fortified against them, and the condition of affairs forbidding a peaceful and honest expression of the sentiment of the party, adjourned the convention to Faneuil Hall in this city, on Wednesday of this week. Whether this course is a step justified by political traditions, and which convention and nomination will really be accepted as the legitimate Democratic action, may be a question; but this is quite evident, that the party discipline is broken up, and the party itself in the State is thrown into a very demoralized condition.

Last week the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Salem, under John Endicott, the first governor of Massachusetts, took place in the venerable city. It is rarely so cultivated and conspicuous an audience is gathered as was brought together on this occasion. The oration, an admirable historical address, was delivered by Hon. William C. Endicott, a descendant of the first governor. Speeches were made at the dinner table by Gov. Rice, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop (a descendant of a Puritan governor), Mayor Oliver of Salem, Marshall P. Wilder, Dr. Loring, and Joseph H. Choate, esq. The rare element of this occasion was the presence of Dean Stanley, of the venerable Westminster Abbey, London, who was now visiting our city and country, and his catholic and noble spirit secures for him a hearty welcome among our people. His short address on this occasion was in excellent taste, and was heartily appreciated. The local history of Salem, as well as its connection with the beginning and early government of the Massachusetts colony, gave an opportunity for the well-trained speakers of the occasion.

Dr. S. F. Upham, of the New England Conference, was the fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, now in session at Montreal. His address, delivered on the 12th of September, was very well received. It was eminently appropriate to the occasion, marked by excellent points, and rising at times to a height of moving eloquence. He opened very happily with an allusion to President Stiles' prophecy, an hundred years ago, of the fate of Methodism—"a little seed of Westlins"—of no account among the religious forces that were to shape the future of the Republic. With a grain of wheat the United States of over four and a half millions, the Doctor thought, surely, the "Westlins" had been heard from! He referred warmly to the common origin of the Churches in the Republic and Dominion, to the late growth and present condition of the Church he represented, and to the views of doctrine and the Christian mission which prevail among us; stood up quite stiffly for Methodist episcopacy; had a warm and very eloquent word for fraternity at the South, and a prophecy of unity among the Methodisms of the United States; referred to our educational and missionary movements, our great field among the colored men at the South, and closed with this fine figure—

"We are told that in the Middle Ages, ere yet a page was dubbed a knight, he entered a temple dedicated to the Most High, and approaching the altar placed thereon his sword and shield. The sword was consecrated to the use of humanity. That man, too, ever after, was deemed recreant to his vows if he knewed the cry of oppression to pass him from whomsoever it came. Brethren, the Middle Ages with their chivalry have gone into the eternal past. But a similar duty rests upon us. Let us enter the temple of the Most High, and approaching the holy altar, place thereon the weapons of our warfare, the impulses of our hearts, the energies of our souls, the thoughts of our minds, and though no white-robed priest spread his benediction on our hands, yet God the Holy Ghost will come Himself and consecrate them and us to the grandest work in which mortals were ever permitted to engage. 'Thou shalt love thy father as thou a thousand times as many more as ye are, and bless you as He hath promised you!'"

Last Friday, September 20th, the New York paper announced the death, in that city, of Colonel T. B. Thorpe. He was the son of a former member of the New York Conference, and was, for a time, a student at Middletown, but did not graduate. He was an artist, a rare caricaturist and painter of insect and animal life, and equally popular with his pen. He was on General Taylor's staff during the Mexican war. He has been a well-known and successful periodical writer, and for years has been one of the constant contributors to the publications of the Harpers. He was a fine critical writer upon art and artists, a very genial companion in social life, and a successful political speaker. He has, during late years, held positions in the Custom House, as well as kept his pen and brush busy. He was present several times at the meeting of

the Wesleyan Club in New York city, his face, large, round, bald head and beaming face making him very conspicuous among the older alumni. He leaves two daughters and a son, the latter a minister.

The venerable Dr. L. Petros, now nearly at the end of his century of life, was requested by the General Conference of the Church South, when it met at Atlanta, to preach a sermon before them upon entire sanctification. An attack of sickness prevented his fulfilling the request; but he has responded to it in print. The Southern Publishing House, at Nashville, issue the discourse in the form of a pamphlet of 72 pages. It is characteristic of the plain, practical, devout and eloquent father in Israel from whom it emanates. It is not an interpretation of the doctrine, nor an argument in its defense, but a searching portrayal of the manner in which, in his estimation, it has been lost out of the Church, and a ringing exhortation upon the necessity and means of recovering it. It is a wholesome tract for distribution, and will be like the breath of a strong east wind in a sultry season wherever it comes. Price 20 cents.

Dean Stanley preached a very eloquent and impressive discourse, last Sabbath, at Trinity Church; but the ability and impressiveness were purely in the matter, and not in the manner. He is a short, slight, venerable-looking man, with gray hair and whiskers, bearing the marks of study and hard intellectual labor in a singularly clear and direct manner. He is a native of England, and has been cultivated English speakers in England and America. His tones were so peculiarly British that it was only with difficulty that those nearest to him, of the immense crowd that filled the great church, could hear him. The sermon reads well this morning in the *Advertiser*. The subject was the developing influence of the West upon the Christianity born in the East. The text was: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." Ps. cxxxix, 9-10.

Dr. Ruddington, of Brooklyn, writes from Geneva, Switzerland, to the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, in an interesting letter, the following pleasing information of Dr. A. Stevens, a former editor of this paper, and still an esteemed correspondent:—

"It is the Lord's day, and I have had the coveted and much-enjoyed privilege of attending the American chapel, and hearing Dr. Abel Stevens preach. He is, as you know, the stated minister of this little congregation, and is doing a good work here; a better work, indeed, than most at home are aware of. If our Christian friends in America knew the opportunities which he and those like situated have of doing good to our country, and the ready sympathy that they now do. It is delightful to hear the testimonies we have received of the activity and ready sympathy of Dr. Stevens and his wife, in caring for those who need help, and it is impressive to learn how many there are of this sort. We have been with Dr. and Mrs. Stevens to the ancient cemetery of Geneva, crowded with her illustrious dead, and we were struck by the reputation of John Calvin; it is marked by a little stone pillar, almost level with the ground, and just large enough to bear the initials 'J. C.' There is a well-kept path about it, a little seat upon which the visitor may sit beside it, and a tree planted by some English family, which has grown vigorously and casts a welcome shade."

A writer in the *Presbyterian* says of Dr. Townsend's lectures at the S. S. Parliament:—

"He lectured on 'Inspiration of the Bible,' 'The Bible View of Science,' and 'The Bible and Physical Science.' No one who heard Professor Townsend could help being struck by the clearness of his thought, the strength of his reasoning, and the power of his presentation. He did not remember the Scotchman's remark to the one who applied to it to our own Professor Patton. Professor Townsend, we believe, in logic, method and conception of thought, and power of written and oral expression, has few superiors in this country. He displays a clearness of thought and a power of expression which all can understand, and shows that a subject may be profound without of necessity being made obscure. The common people heard him gladly, and were away convinced that he proved what he said he would endeavor to prove. He is yet a young man—not having reached forty. He is of medium size, of ruddy complexion, with black hair and full black beard, dresses very plainly, and is very modest in his bearing. He shows the student in his entire bearing. It is when he speaks that the energy and fire appear. His discourses are most convincing, and clear, and they are well, very powerfully delivered. He is a graduate of Dartmouth."

Dr. J. H. McCarty, of the Ames M. E. Church, New Orleans, was sent North by the authorities of the Church, to raise some six thousand dollars, without which the valuable Church property of this important cause is periled. He came some time before the breaking out of the yellow fever. He writes a very pathetic plea in the *Pittsburgh Advertiser* for immediate aid in raising this amount, that he may return, a one, to comfort his afflicted and bereaved people. He proposes, immediately upon receiving the sum sought for, to return, whatever may be his personal exposure, and to aid by all means in his power, his greatly distressed flock. His address is to the care of Rev. Dr. J. Horner, Methodist Book Depository, Pittsburgh. The necessity is great, the interest is in peril precious. An early response, even in a small amount, will be a blessed charity proffered to a most deserving cause.

Mr. Lewis E. Jackson, for many years the efficient and greatly-respected Secretary of the New York City Mission, has just issued an interesting and valuable tract, entitled, "Gospel Work in New York City;" and in it, he gives a very full record of the history of the society during the last half century. The society was established in 1827. It has been in a large measure an undenominational association, although, from time to time, some of the associated Churches have established missions of their own. The volume is a complete record of its work, so far as it could be tabulated, and is illustrated by affecting and instructive incidents of missionary life. The society has a noble record, and enters with fresh vigor upon its second half century. Success to all "good-will" men!

Rev. F. Furber writes from Washington, D. C., Sept. 18: "I was at the revival services at Foundry Church last evening, which was crowded, galleries and all. About eighty have been converted and the altar was filled. Several found Jesus. To-day they have a fast, and to-morrow they hold several extra services. Brother Harrison is laboring with the same zeal and Christian simplicity as in other places. He is old, some say 'he is beside himself,' and that is true; but it is unto God. He has lost sight of self."

Dr. James Porter spends the present and next week with our Church in Gardner, Mass. He is devoting his time to evangelic labors, and finds his former success in conducting protracted meetings in no measure abated by increasing years, neither his love for the work.

Arrangements are now being made for a series of missionary meetings at Lowell, Worcester, Ly. River, and Providence, held in Lynn on the third, Friday evening and on the fourth, Saturday morning, and one of the Bishops, gushed speakers, will be the meetings.

Bro. Lewis Flanders, layman, member of the Tremont Street M. E. Church, after ten months of absence, passed away on Thursday week. Bro. F. was on his way to the city, and the success of our city was a great loss to the Church. He was a good and useful man, and greatly missed in his home and in the social circle, and two sons. His funeral Sabbath at Tremont Street was attended by Rev. Clark Wright, and Dr. Stanley.

One of our subscribers writes: "I have worked to get the description for the paper. Low wages—fifty cents per half hour the time at the Herald for over forty years. I have given it up." The editor of the paper, and the responsibility of his comfort in the performance.

The American Antiquary, the Lord's Prayer in Latin, in which it can be found, gathering traditions of a tree and serpent culture, a similar worship, from the Any who can furnish information will confer a favor on the American Antiquary. D. Peet, Unionville, Lake.

The Sunday School published by the American Union, Philadelphia, is a very interesting work, upon the revision of our Bible, by ex-President P. Krauth, Dr. Chamberlain, Prof. Thayer of Andover, Dr. Strong of Andover, Dr. Schaaf. It is a number laid aside for reference.

We have received the *Sunday School Times*. It is a help to us in the study of the Bible. It contains questions, notes, and maps. It is one of the best of the hour to read as well as to assist in the study of the Bible. It can be obtained at the office of the *School Times</*







## The Family.

## RESPIRE FROM PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. J. H. BEALE.

Sent for swift vengeance to Israel's land,  
The angel of death waved his glittering brand  
O'er city and town. Its stroke in deep anguish  
To David's sad heart still more deeply is driven,  
As loudly he cries for the people that languish,  
"Oh, why to these sheep is the punishment given?  
I am the sinner to feel the sharp rod,  
But merciful power to my kingdom, O God!"

Now o'er Jerusalem darkly outspread  
The sword of the angel they fearfully dread  
Flashed in the air; and sorrow and wailing  
Suspended the blow that must speedily fall  
If mercy be deaf and sweet love unavailing  
The horror of darkness o'erhangs like a pall  
King and his nobles in sackcloth attired,  
Who make the confession Jehovah required.

Quick to its sheath, then, the weapon returned,  
And quenched is the anger that fiercely had burned;  
Lifted the cloud that so heavily had hung  
Had threatened to darken all homes with its blight,  
As contritely earnest this prayer was ascending,  
"May weeping, endured through the bitterest night,  
Find now a respite returning at morn,  
And costliest gifts shall Thy altars adorn."

Softly the angel has folded the wing  
Whose darkening shadow deep sorrow might bring.  
Borne on the air to the bright realms of glory  
Is wafted the tribute of praise from glad hearts  
Who joyously tell the thrice wonderful story,  
"With morning's return, lo! the darkness departs!  
Bountiful mercy, unmeasured and free,  
Jehovah, thus comes with his blessing from Thee."

## LETTER FROM CANTON WILDERNESS.

BY PROF. T. H. KIMPTON.

MR. EDITOR: I said in my last that I had reached the "promised land." I have advanced so far into that country, that I am, to-day, in the sportsman's paradise. I told you, last year, that Parker Lodge was situated on a beautiful lake of the Laurentides, in the northern part of St. Maurice county, P. Q. The nearest parish, St. Elie (our post-office), is an off-shoot of Y'Machiche, which was settled as early as 1704. St. Elie is the third and last of the tier of parishes stretching back from Lake St. Peter towards the Laurentian Hills.

The lakes right about us feed the Y'Machiche, a northern tributary of the St. Lawrence, into which it empties, about midway between the Rivière du Loup (of which I shall speak again) and the St. Maurice. Being thus located between the head-waters of two of the most beautiful and most important streams of Lower Canada, this lodge is within easy reach of the best trout-fishing that this continent can afford. And, moreover, the forests through which we tramp in reaching these lakes and rivers, abound in all kinds of game. So I have called our present forest home the "sportsman's paradise."

I am well aware that the air and life of the woods breed "large" talk and "fishy stories." Indeed, this kind of life so "broadens" the whole nature, that exaggeration in language and expression is but the natural result of this enlarged capacity of heart and mind and soul. Then, too, nature always makes the supply equal to the demand, and so he who walks the paths or sails the waters of the woods, never fails to find the facts and thoughts and sentiments to answer to his quickened power of thinking and of feeling. So much to excuse the sportsman's exaggeration.

And yet I doubt whether he can exaggerate. What the trees whisper to him in their vocal breathings, or the brooks bubble to him in their laughing ripple; what the mountains say to his soul in their sublime language, or the glassy lakes dazzlingly reflect from cloud and sky and shore, the sportsman can never, however great his gifts, fashion into thoughts or breathe into words that shall measure the sentiments inspired within him; while still beyond his power of comprehension, he realizes there is food for nature's grander, broader and purer than his own. There is the silence of the woods. How can one, either by exaggerated or exactly truthful language, interpret the depth of meaning that this stillness floods in upon the soul? Emerson says: "Let us be silent, that we may hear the whispers of the gods."

Such perfect quiet reigns in these grand forests to-day that the soul can catch even the gentlest breathings of Deity! At such a time one can only listen, feel and think—if the "power" of thought be not itself overmastered by the mighty themes of which the gods do speak. And if in their folly men attempt at such a time to speak or write, how utterly impotent they find the human tongue or pen. I confess to you that I cannot unravel one single ragged edge of the wonderfully-interwoven thoughts suggested by the stillness of this September day just passed with these "plantations of God," the silent forests.

And yet how often, when thus encompassed by a quiet that is full of meaning, does one long for power to

express to others the thoughts that rise within him! It was the Athenian artist who prayed, "Gods! could I but paint a dying groan." I sat before my camp-fire, the other night, and in the quiet of the woods, could but pray for power to express, in spoken or in written words, the meaning that seemed to flow in upon me with the waves of air that pervaded the silent forests.

But the power did not come, and after breathing in the healthful influence of such a scene and such a time, I returned to my fragrant bed of boughs and slept till the light of the morning and the noise of a stirring camp awakened me from dreams begotten of the peaceful night and of the sweet-smelling hemlock.

I gave you the location of Parker Lodge; let me now briefly describe its arrangements and appointments. The main part is a framed structure of two stories, with room enough, under the roof, for several cot-beds. With the main house is connected an L containing kitchen, wash-room and pantries. This kitchen (over which the servants sleep) is separated from the rest of the house by a passage of such a length that no smell of cooking or other kitchen operations can offend the most delicate nose. The house itself is surrounded by a broad balcony where one can catch the breezes that blow from lakes and woods. A broad hall runs right through the house, from which open the parlor, dining-room, and the sportsman's room. In this last room is located the fire-place, before whose bright flame of burning logs the tired sportsmen and hunters dream over the day's sport or vie with each other in telling "fish stories." The dining-room is spacious and large, while its walls are lined with pictures of game and fish suggestive of satisfaction for appetites born of bracing air and healthful exercise. In the second story are located the bed-rooms (furnished with chamber-sets and spring-beds) and Mrs. P.'s gun and rod room.

Back of the lodge are the stables (there is a very good carriage road to the house door) and "the quarters" for the guides and canoe-men. From the terrace in front of the lodge a very fine view presents itself. Right before you, and towards the south, winds the outlet of the nearest lake. To the right, and just below the house, lies this lake (called "Percé Lake," better named from its shape "Star Lake"). Seated on the terrace, the eye gets a view of lake scenery as varied as ever I saw. Before you, as you face the water, rises a perpendicular cliff, the top of which is covered with the most beautiful foliage. Just beyond, two points run out into the lake, as if to meet each other, one of which is fringed to the water's edge with moss and evergreens, while the other is its opposite in character as well as in location, for a ragged ledge of rocks, bare and picturesque, juts far into the lake. Beyond all this stretches the unbroken wilderness backed (to the view) by the Laurentian Hills.

Is not this the "sportsman's paradise," then? And yet I have not told you half. Here right royally do Mr. and Mrs. Parker entertain their friends; and from here expeditions are made in every direction, for trout lakes, most charming in scenery and most abundantly supplied with fish, are found at every point in the region lying between this place (which is about on the boundary line of civilization) and the Hudson's Bay territory. We have often started from the lodge for breakfast, visited eleven trout lakes and returned in time for supper. For these trips we use the white wood canoe of the Rob Roy pattern, being almost as light as a "bark" and much sturdier. It is wonderful how easily these Canadian half-breed guides will carry a large boat over the most difficult "portages." I count myself a good walker, and yet I can hardly ever much more than keep at the heels of our man, though loaded with nothing but my rod and gun.

Speaking of expeditions, let me tell you of one made last week. Our party consisted of the genial parish priest of St. Elie, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, their niece, and your humble servant. We took three boats and seven canoe-men. Our plan was to take a northwesterly direction, cross the country lying between the Y'Machiche and Rivière du Loup (both of which rivers I have already ready located for you), row down the latter stream about twenty-one miles to Hanterstown, and then take "back-roads" for home. You should have seen our start from the Lodge; the ladies were rigged for the woods; the round priest had tucked up his robes and put on his long-legged moccasins boots; our men were in good trim. We took our seats in the canoes—the dog (I had almost forgotten to mention "Shout") "charged" at the feet of his master. A few moments were spent in equalizing loads and arranging our traps. At length we were ready, and awaited the word "Go." Good-byes were said to those left on the shore, and the word was given. The paddles dipped with one accord to the work, and our canoes leaped forward, as if instinct with life.

I cannot attempt to detail the experiences of the day. We crossed Percé Lake, "carried" two miles and a half, crossed Duck Lake, "carried" one mile and a half, and crossed "Clear Water Lake" (of the Rivière du Loup chain), one of the most beautiful sheets of water beneath the sun. It is about six miles in length and four miles in width, and is surrounded by hills the sides of which are covered with the richest growth of timber. Another "carry" of three-fourths of a mile brings us to Red Lake. After crossing this we entered upon the most beautiful "port-

age" it has even been my lot to tramp over. For part of its length (two miles) we followed the outlet of Clear Water Lake, through as clean and delightful a forest dell as ever made a streamlet's bed. Afterwards we again climbed over as steep and rugged a mountain pass as can be found except where mountains kiss the clouds. How teams could have "hailed" provisions up some of those steep ascents over the "winter road" in which we walked, formed a problem which I could not attempt to solve—at least, while I was engaged in helping myself up by twig or branch, or in letting myself down the other side by clinging to roots or trees, or sliding now on my broad-soled hunting-boots, and now on my pants.

As the outlet broadened, we took to boat for a short distance, "carried by" a "shute" of a seventy-five feet fall—most picturesque, especially as seen from our boats at its foot. Down again we glided. I wish I could describe this clear-watered brook with pebbly bed and beautiful margin, but there is not time; for our men are rested from their paddling. We skim the water rapidly to the music of a French boat-song, and anon with a shout, "Voilà la Rivière du Loup!" We dart out into one of the most romantic and most charming rivers in all Lower Canada. This stream is about ninety-five miles long, and runs through (in its upper half) as richly timbered a country as can be found on this continent. We entered it about thirty-six miles above its mouth, and ten miles above the most northerly settlements. For these ten miles we were canoeing through and under an archway of forest trees, getting a new view at every turn of this winding river. Our men bent to their work, and aided by the natural current of the stream, reinforced here and there by swift rapids, you may be sure our "water speeds" made good time that September afternoon.

Let me indicate our speed. As we reached the settlements, a farmer started from his door just abreast of us. His course was down the river with his horse, but when he crossed the stream to leave the river road, at the end of eleven miles, we shot under the bridge beneath his horse's feet. We reached Hanterstown (twenty-one miles by river) by 8 o'clock, and took to horse and drove eight miles to Parker Lodge. The distance made was six and three-quarters miles "carry," six miles by lake, twenty-one by river, and eight by horse; sum total, between 8 A. M. and 9 P. M. at night, forty-one and three-fourths miles. This is the truth, and nothing but the truth! I mean, it is the truth as to distances and outline facts. I have neither time nor ability to give you the whole truth in the line of exact description of what we saw. You know, yourself, of course, that the pictures presented during such a day's experiences and such a trip are too numerous and too various to admit of adequate description. That ride down the romantic forest stream, especially, now gliding smoothly down the usual current, and now shooting some swift rapid; now passing under some thickly-overhanging trees, and now sweeping by some settler's cabin home; now turning some sharp corner and catching new views in front and on either side of us, and now feasting our eyes on a beautiful stretch of straight and unvarying channel—always to the music of dipping paddle and cutting prow, while ever and anon our boatmen's songs ring out, keeping time to their moving arms—all this, and more, made up an afternoon's experience full of inexpressible delight and joyous remembrance.

Parker Lodge, Sept., 1878.

## MY SUMMER.

BY L. B. T.

All the mountains' strength and glory,  
All the valleys' light and peace,  
Million diamond-dashing rivers,  
Blue skies piled with silver fleeces;  
All the forests' mossy ledges,  
Dreary wood-roads winding round,  
Calls of catbird, thrush and robin,  
Summer's wealth of sight and sound;

All the land has revelled in them;  
Miles and miles of beauty lie  
Free to every wind of heaven,  
Upturned to the bending sky.

Yet I have not seen the glory,  
And I have not heard the song,  
But as if there were no mountains,  
I have lived the summer long.

Yet what matter, when the maples  
Bordering the dusty street,  
Whisper tales of field and forest,  
Hillside pastures, ferny sweet?

When the moss beneath the eaves-spout  
Shows a catbird's velvet edge,  
When from railroad bank the wild-flowers  
Bloom as from a granite ledge?

What care if that mountain lakelets  
Sit concealed in forest arms,  
When for the dusty highway  
Steals the blue sky's limpid charms?

Morning airs that brushed Katabadin  
Bear no hemlock's breath ere night;  
And the mountains' evening glories  
Fill my glimpse of sunset light.

## "WHY SPEAK YE NOT OF JESUS?"

BY SARAH GODDARD.

Carrie M.—who had been the playmate of my childhood, the cheerful, loving companion of my girlhood, and the womanly adviser and sympathizing friend of my later years, spent several weeks with me in my city home several years after our school-days were ended.

We were at boarding-school together when "the light" first came into her soul, unfolding the wise purposes of a Heavenly Father, and teaching her that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

She became an earnest Christian. There was a marked change in her life; and no longer asking to be delivered from her grievous trials, she beheld her crucified Saviour who can be "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." She bowed submissively at the foot of the Cross, and learned to say, with joy and earnestness, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I had not then had sorrow or trials to make me murmur at God's dealing; on the contrary, my life had been one of uninterrupted pleasure; but during the vacation after Carrie's conversion, sorrow entered my home. Then sounds of grief and mirth made my sad heart sadder. Alas! how changed everything seemed to me; my heart was desolate; the cares and burdens of life crowded upon me; and yet I had no Saviour to help me bear my grief. He was knocking at my heart, but I refused to let Him in.

When I returned to school I almost envied the peace of mind of my hitherto sorrow-stricken companion. She who had been so timid and retiring in her manners spoke to those around her of her Heavenly Friend. She sympathized with me, and urged me to cast my burden upon Him who says, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." After a few months I was led to seek and find her loving Saviour.

Thenceforth we loved each other as never before. When our school-days were over, we went to our homes which were hundreds of miles apart; yet I need not tell my Christian friends how, although separated, we seemed almost to meet at the Mercy-seat; for none can live so widely apart that they may not carry their petitions to the same King.

"There is a house where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common Mercy-seat."

In justice to my friend, I must tell you that she was a more earnest Christian than I, and it was during her visit to me that by the light of her life, "hid in Christ," I saw my own short-comings, and realized that I had not lived as it is the privilege of a child of God to live; and, thanks be to Him, I hope I profited by her great example.

Carrie had a great many friends and acquaintances in the city; she was a favorite with young and old, and a welcome visitor wherever known. One day I was too much engaged to go out with her, so she went alone to call on some of our mutual friends who had just returned from Europe with trunks full of Paris dresses and finery. I had already seen the beautiful wardrobe, so when my friend returned from her round of calls I went to her room, to "talk over," in womanly fashion, the events of the day, hear about what she had seen and heard, and ask her opinion of the foreign purchases.

"Do tell me how you liked the French costumes," I said; "of course you saw them?"  
"Oh, yes, I saw them; they are beautiful, and I confess for a few moments they made me quite dissatisfied with my plain wardrobe, and I began to wonder if I could not afford to dress a little better. Then I remembered that I was a Christian, and thought that He who said, 'Take no thought for your raiment,' did not mean for us to adorn our bodies in such a manner; and then I thought, while they were describing the royal dresses and the beautiful court toilettes which they had seen, that the 'robe of righteousness,' promised to the faithful followers of Christ, far outshines these earthly fabrics, and that too much time and thought bestowed on such frail but costly adornments, must turn our thoughts away from God, and so hurt our souls that we may at last have to resign our immortal crown; or, if it may be ours, it will not be a jeweled one, such as those who wear who 'turn many to righteousness.' I do not condemn suitable adorning of the person and good taste in dress, but may we not carry our vanity and love of show so far that we shall cease to bear any semblance to the meek and lowly Jesus?"

"O Carrie," I said, "how good you are! What would those fashionables have thought if you had expressed yourself in such a manner to them?"  
"I don't know just what they did think; but I certainly expressed myself in similar words. Should I forbear to speak of my more beautiful robe, my glorious crown, which I hope one day to wear, and of the heavenly mansion prepared for me by Him who has said, 'I go to prepare a place for you?' They seemed proud of certain marks of favor and distinction which they had received abroad, and displayed with pleasure some valuable presents from relatives in England bearing their name, and who claim to be nearly connected with the royal family. Was I not right in speaking of the Prince of Peace, my Elder Brother, who has promised us gifts above every gift? I did not claim that I had exclusive right to such reward. I told them of the riches of our King—how there were precious gifts in store for them if they would follow the dear Master; that unless they bore the cross, they could not receive the crown. But few answers were returned to my remarks. I uttered them in weakness, almost trembling, for Him who even died for me."

Alas! how different my conduct had been when I had called on the same friends. I fear there was nothing in my manner that led those gay ones to believe that Jesus was more precious to me than to them, although I had publicly professed to love Him, and they had not. Carrie thought I had done wrong, and told me I must pray for courage to speak for Jesus at all times.

"It was hard for me to-day," she said, "but the peace and joy which fill my heart when I have borne the cross for Jesus, is indeed a blessed reward. A Christian need not wait until heaven is won to have the sweet assurance that our labors in His vineyard will be blessed. The unspeakable comfort and joy which follow an act of cross-bearing for the Master, is a precious token of His love. When we execute orders, or even perform difficult labors of love, for earthly friends, how often we listen in vain for the words of commendation or praise which we think our labors merit, or which we hope to receive!"

I had not the courage to confess to Carrie that I had been persuaded to send my measure with an order for two elaborate suits to be made by the modiste who had designed my friends' fashionable costumes.

Carrie left me before the suits arrived; in fact, they never came. The steamer on which they were sent was partially wrecked, and my goods were either lost or thrown overboard in the panic. I did not care what became of them then, for my friend Carrie, whose light had shone in my path and led me to a higher Christian life—a life more nearly consecrated to His service—had, after a short and painful illness, entered into her promised rest. The Saviour had put upon her the "robe of righteousness," and the "glorious crown"—a crown, I doubt not, in which were many jewels. One of the young ladies to whom she spoke of Jesus and His love, on the day when she was shown the Paris dresses, was won to the Saviour by my dear friend's earnest words and Christ-like manner.

"Ye are speaking of the sunshine,  
Ye are speaking of the rain,  
Of your flocks and pleasant pastures,  
And of the golden grain—  
Why speak ye not of Jesus?"

"Ye are speaking of your children,  
Of the joys of home,  
Of loving and beloved ones,  
Who far away must roam—  
Why speak ye not of Jesus?"

## THE MINISTERIAL PARROT.

MR. EDITOR: The following history of a wonderful parrot was compiled from authentic documents by Mrs. N. B. Hall, of Providence, and published in the *Providence Journal* last June. I am personally acquainted with the writer, and can endorse her story.

The "Reminiscences of the Third Baptist Church," with the more recent notices of its new departure, has led to many urgent requests for an account of Father Dods' parrot, that used to speak in the meetings. We do not propose to send to the *Journal* a memoir or a full record of this wonderful bird, but merely a selection of his most characteristic sayings and doings.

August 22d, 1879, Poll was found on a wharf near where the post-office now stands. Mr. Dods, going from his home on Westminster Street, near Turk's Head, to get a breath of fresh air from the water, heard the pitiful cry of "Poll's hungry! Poll's hungry!" Pursuing the sound, he soon succeeded, on removing some lumber, in releasing a beautiful dove-colored male parrot, with a brilliant tail of bright scarlet plumage. The day had already been an eventful one to Mr. Dods, who had experienced a great joy in the new relation of father. Poll's introduction to the family was, therefore, kept with that of the birth of an infant daughter, and his subsequent life of thirty-one years was intimately connected with the increase and change incident to the family.

Poll was supposed to be a fugitive (to use the words of the record) "from a Guinea vessel which had sailed that day from cold water;" his language confirmed that supposition, calling "all hands," making free use of sea phrases, and singing snatches of sailor songs. The profanity of the bird so astonished and alarmed the young mother that great pains were taken to correct his bad habits before the little daughter could understand such rough expressions.

Poll was teachable, and soon adapted his conversation to his new surroundings. As one after another was added to the family circle, he gave a welcome to each, and watched over all with great vigilance. The names of father and mother were spoken as plainly by Poll as by the children. If the eldest daughter (his contemporary) had charge of the cradle, and left it for a moment, Poll was sure to say that the mother returned. "Mother, Sallie didn't rock the cradle." He was often complained of for being a great tattler. The children of the neighborhood also received a share of his attention. His memory was perfect, and sometimes quite distressing.

A little truant boy living near by gave his mother so much trouble that she was frequently at the door calling loudly for him by name. At last the little fellow sickened and died. At last the mother, overcome by her grief, was very ill for a long time. On her recovery it was impossible for her to go into the door when Poll was swinging in his out-door cage without her feelings being harrowed by his calling, almost in her own tone of voice, "Geor-die! Geor-die!"

At this time Poll was not receiving the training and nurture of a professed Christian home. Strict attention had, however, been given to moral education, so sadly neglected in his youth. As time went on he became a general favorite; less self-willed and high-spirited; returning love for love; needing only gentle reproof for wrong-doing.

In 1805 there was a powerful religious awakening in Providence. Mr. Dods, his wife, and eldest daughter were at that time brought under the in-

fluence of divine truth, and received into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church. Conversion in those days meant a great deal, and was followed by marked results. The atmosphere of the home became so wholly religious that even the house-dog Tiger went regularly to church with his master, and when at one time the good man was very seriously ill, and the family were kept at home by care and anxiety, Tiger could be seen, at the first sound of the old Baptist bell, making his way to church and to the family paw, where he quietly remained until the service was over.

It was not strange that so intelligent a bird as Poll should be impressed by these strong religious influences, and after a few years become so accustomed to the evening services and fraternal greetings as to really give evidence of being a good Christian parrot, speaking in the conference and prayer-meetings whenever an opportunity offered. He was often banished to some room remote from the meeting, but when forgotten, or for previous good conduct allowed to remain, would startle all present by his testimony. On one occasion a very animated sermon was scarcely brought to a close when Poll was pleased to say, very graciously, "That's a pretty good discourse!"

A striking incident in Poll's experience about this time brought out the fact that early influences often determine the character of those who will continue to act with more or less force. Poll was overcome by a sudden temptation, and it occurred in a poor corner of the household having gone abroad to spend the day, the two youngest daughters were housekeepers. The day was lovely, and the girls, contrary to orders, ventured to take Poll from his accustomed place in the sunny corner of the sitting-room (or keeping-room, as it was then called), placing him in his outdoor nook, in the sweet-brier brush under the windows. It being Poll's first spring airing, he was wild with delight, jumping about in great glee, until the nail probably weakened by the winter storms, gave way, and the cage fell to the ground with great force. The children, loving the bird very dearly, and conscious of their disobedience, quickly ran to the rescue, calling to Poll to tell them if he was killed. On raising the cage, the frightened bird shook himself vehemently, and, jumping upon the perch, exclaimed in the gruffest tones: "Poll thought he was going to the devil!" Years had gone by since Poll had used a word of the kind, and the children, whose tears were turned to merry laughter, always affirmed that they had evidence of his penitence in the fact that he was never known to repeat the offense.

Poll's religion did not save him from his inveterate habit of tale-bearing. As the daughters grew up to womanhood there could be no courting done in that chimney-corner, for Poll would tell. When the second daughter was about to be married, considerable anxiety was expressed in reference to keeping the approaching marriage from a gossiping neighbor until the bans were published on the following Sabbath. Poll heard all the talk between the young couple during that twilight hour. Before the Sabbath came, this neighbor called to see the family. As soon as she entered the sitting-room Poll began to make a great commotion in his cage, swinging and dancing at a fearful rate, until he attracted her notice, when in a singing tone, he repeated over and over again, "George and Rose going to be married, to be married, to be married." But Poll, as he advanced in years, grew more thoughtful. After the removal of the family to the home on Transit Street, he was more than ever before associated with his religious life. All Father Dods' daughters were single, and while a blessing to the household, he was a constant source of trouble to the eldest daughter frequently led the singing at these social meetings. A Methodist sister sometimes shared this honor with her. An English minister, who was often a guest at the house, took the first opportunity, at the close of the meetings, to say in his language, "Sally, Sally, don't let that Methodist body beat you!" Poll was an unobtrusive listener. At the next weekly meeting, as soon as the hymn was read, and the good sister was about to commence singing in her spiritual way, Poll electrified the large worshipping company by repeating in his loudest, clearest tones the admonition he had so recently heard, "Sally, Sally, don't let that Methodist body beat you!" We omit the scene at the close of the meeting. Poor Poll was in disgrace. Poll was opposed to long discourses, and more than once called on different brethren to close the meeting. On a particular occasion, he seemed to soon tire of the regular exercises, and called out, "Brother Bushee, close the meeting by prayer." The brother, thus abruptly called upon, was sitting with closed eyes waiting for an opportunity to exhort. Slightly embarrassed, and wondering at the sudden termination of the meeting, he arose and offered an appropriate closing prayer.

Poll was removed from the room by a member of the family, much to the chagrin of the young people, who believed he should be allowed full liberty to exercise his gifts. Poll must have had some idea of this principle for at another time he gave life and spirit to a dull meeting by saying in quick, energetic tones, "Brothers, there is liberty!"

His power of speech was clear and strong, and as he advanced in years, he became more and more so. He was engaged in making copper-plate curtains for the windows; several of the good sisters of the First Church were assisting in the work. There was pleasant converse, with long and earnest discussion, as to the best method of draping the curtains. There was a good deal of measuring and puzzling in trying to decide whether they should allow for a fringe at the top or no fringe, to be made open in the centre and looped on either side of the window or only on one side; how much fringe, which was Mrs. Dods' own netting, should be used, etc. Poll was grave and quiet, watching all the doings with great interest, but this manifestation of extreme worldliness was too much for him to bear. Improving his time in the conversation, he spoke out in his sharpest manner: "Mother Dods, curtains, curtains, all curtains, and no religion to-day!" Shall we tax the credulity of the readers of the *Journal* by adding that these good women, startled by this rebuke, laid aside their work, and at once joined in singing, "Come, Thou fount of every blessing," thus commencing an informal religious service. We know whereof we write.

In age and increasing feebleness Poll did not lose his remarkable memory. A

beloved sister in the Church ("Sister Rose") who was a frequent visitor at the house, and very fond of Poll, died very suddenly. More than two years had elapsed when a lady called on Mrs. Dods, who, in size and dress, resembled this deceased friend. Poll was very much excited, and, putting his head through the wires of his cage, looked at her very earnestly. To the astonishment of all present he soon inquired, "Is that Sister Rose?" On being answered in the negative, he showed his disappointment by refusing to speak or leave his perching while the visitor remained. We now come to the time when Poll was old and grey-headed. Receiving the tenderest care he lingered many months after he was stricken with wasting decay. With the first breath of the winter of 1850 Poll passed away quietly and peacefully. It was a stormy winter day when the children of the neighborhood gathered around the little box that contained all that was left of his bird-life and bore it lovingly to the foot of the garden, giving it decent burial.

## ROBIN POT-PIE.

A naughty little boy one day  
Went out with bow and arrow,  
"Look out," I heard the rascal say,  
"For Robin's pie to-morrow!"  
Across the grassy field he went,  
I saw his curls bobbing;  
This bold unfeeling warrior, bent  
On shooting poor Cock-robin!

Cock-robin sat upon a tree,  
His eyes were bright and saucy.  
In truth a bonny bird he was,  
With scarlet vest so glossy.  
He sang a song so sweetly clear,  
That set his heart a-bobbling;  
Oh, he upon you, naughty boy,  
To want to shoot Cock-robin!

"His!" says the boy, "the game I spy!"  
"Oh won't you make a jolly pie!"  
"Well! eat you up to-morrow!"  
But sang so loud and clear,  
And trilled his joy so sweetly,  
That naughty boy just stopped to hear  
And lost his heart completely.

Down on the grass the arrow fell,  
The bow came tumbling after,  
And Robin knew it very well,  
And sang and shook with laughter.  
The song was done, away flew he,  
And so to-morrow there will be  
No pot-pie of Cock-robin.  
—Christian Union.

## FUN AND FACT.

Teacher—Now what is the meaning of the word *cham*?  
Pupil—It is an opening.  
Teacher—Favor me with an example.  
Pupil—The milliners have a cham at the beginning of the season.

A thankful spirit has always fresh matter for thankfulness. To praise God for the past, is the sure way to receive mercies for the future. Pray and praise live or die together.

In me, O Lord, abide,  
Give daily grace,  
Be still Thy wounded side  
My hiding-place.  
Thou art mine only One!  
Give me the secret stone.  
In me, O Lord, abide  
And I am Thine.

One of Bishop Blomfield's best *bon mots* was used by him last week. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the Bishop, "composition and decomposition."

Somebody writes to a rural paper to ask how long cows would be milked? "Why, the same as a short cow, to be sure."

Out from thyself, thyself depart;  
God shall fill thy empty heart.  
Cast from thy soul life's selfish dream—  
In flows God's love, and peace, and gleam.

The dwelling of the Lord is not confined to any one place. Realize where we may, we may regard our dwelling, if we are believers, as in one room in the Lord's great house, and the Lord will be with us, and a contentment supplied to us as the result of living by faith in nearness to the Lord.—*Spurgeon*.

A lady riding on a slow train handed the conductor a half-price ticket for her boy. He looked at the youngster and said: "Bailor, a large boy for half fare." "Yes," responded the mother; "so he is now. It was all right when he was a baby, but now he has grown so much since we started."

A bright little miss of four or five summers had green corn for dinner the other day after supper. Her mother, who was near, passed the corn to her mother, with the request, "Mamma, please put some more beans on the bottom of me."

An absent-minded professor ran against a cow in the middle of the road. He raised his hat and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he met a lady, and he bowed and said: "I beg your pardon, madam. I have just been called out in your way."

A light, a guide, a warning,  
A presence ever near,  
Through the silence of the flesh  
I reach the inward ear.

My Gerizim and Ebal  
Are in each human soul,  
The still, small voice of blessing,  
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

The stern behests of duty,  
The doom-book's open thrown,  
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,  
Are with yourselves alone.

Whittier.

A minister was addressing a children's meeting. Wishing to make use of the telephone, he said, "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Well, now, I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."



the best selling Temperance Book is the market  
10 000 copies sold in six weeks. By the Same  
Author,

**MOODY**  
His Words, Works, and Workers.

500 000 copies of this book have been sold in less  
than a year. AGENTS WANTED. Address, for  
full descriptive circulars and terms,  
J. P. MAGEE, 35 Bromfield St., Boston.

77

**"THE GARNER."**  
By JOHN R. SWENET, M. B. Price, in board cov-  
ers — 25 cts, \$2.50 per dozen.

For Sale By  
**JAMES P. MAGEE, Agent,**  
351 35 Bromfield St., Boston.

361

**18** **LEGANT** New Style Chromo Cards,  
with name, 10 post paid. GEO. L. HERD & CO.  
NASSAU, N. Y. 200



